

# Get My Gun

## D12

I'm goin' to get get my gun This motherfucker wants to disrespect me?  
Em, Em, what the fuck you doing man?  
I got something for his ass, calm down, no you calm down  
Man, what's your problem? Fuck that The motherfucker wants to pop shit to me? Man  
He wasn't poppin' shit, you heard him he was poppin' them shit  
What shit? That shit, you heard him  
He asked for your autograph A mass murderer, pack burners to blast further then you can get  
My shit be shooting through bricks  
I mix anything together, I done guillotine a nigger  
Keep it heated, I pop clips with 17 or better I'll be severin' heads, I'm in everyones nightmare  
A nigger that can never ever be scared of the FED's  
And the niggers that'll fuck with you, stab and brass knuckle you  
Then have you in the public, there's nothing that you can do Enough with you're motherfucking tough talk,  
you're soft  
Get you're balls blew off, from a sawed-off, fa' raw dawg?  
Crazier then all y'all, what you like the navy when I'm angry  
You'll never catch me hangin' in a NOC's car All I have is thought of, breathing evil  
Desert Eagle's will eat through people  
When I see you I'ma heat you're beef slow  
Fuck being peaceful, the piece in the vehicle and (I'm goin' to get get my gun)  
This motherfucker's poppin' that shit  
Nah fuck that I'll be right back  
(I'm goin' to get get my gun)  
Nah motherfucker, fuck you  
You ain't disrespectin' me like that (I'm goin' to get get my gun)  
Walk to the room, sixteen shot clip  
Bitch how you like that?  
(I'm goin' to get get my gun)  
Bet you ain't know that I'm strapped  
Nice one, bitch this is my gat  
(I'm goin' to get get my gun) I bring it to niggers lookin' as if they want trouble  
I send they body flippin' around like a stunt double  
Forget about the fightin', scrappin', squabing, buckin'  
I'll squeeze the piece you jumpin', dodgin', duckin' Squatin' under trucks and screamin' "That niggers bluffin' "  
I cuff my nuts while cussin' "Don't trust him"  
I'm round up Runyan, Dave, Wood and Nico  
My nigger Big I Jamal lettin' the heat blow Heat sleep hoes got it in, you're neepo  
'Cause you keep shooting at me and missing like Shaq's free-throws  
You gotta hit a little closer if you wanna try

Pistol whip a soldier, with a missile on his shoulders  
You can fold or blow ya' brick house into some tiny  
boulders

A grimey older cab will leave you with a tiny odor

I'm doggish, you feelin' frogish, you leap bitch

My car is right across the street bitch and

(I'm goin' to get get my gun) My whole outfit count clips, get you're house lit the fuck up

You're spouse shit, and you're mouse clip

Betta' watch miscountless slugs I'ma send

Watch you holla when them hollow tips dug threw you're skin I'm in love with the sin, tell Bugz I'ma see him

When I cock back, right to put your blood on you're friends

Make a run, got a hint, bust a slug on his chin

Ain't going no were like the drugs outta Kim I'm a psycho icon, the mightful might bomb

Get a eye full of lead when I slight you're lights out

With a street cleaner, wipe you're life out

Bullets flow at you're ears, like a Tyson fight bout Fuck the night clout, guns, clips

(I'm goin' to get my )

Fuck that, run bitch

Hit the street talks, chumps don't know me

Ain't no profit to be home crowd homie Dumbass motherfuckers, always gotta come to me

With some dumb shit

Fuckin' I done told this motherfucker

Wassup bitch? Autograph this, oh shit

(I'm goin' to get my gun) I'm trying to pull the trigger but it's stuck, fuck

My shit is all jammed up, up

C'mon you cock sucking, good for nothing

Mother-fucking piece of shit, shoot, ah Yeah, wattup bitch? Say that shit again

Shot the bullet missed, hit a brick

Bounced of it ricocheted back in his shin

Went through his bitch on the way back hit his friend Payback homie, don't play that shit is spin

To be on I told you to leave this shit alone or

(I'm goin' to get my gun)

And it's a shame I'm to drunk to even aim

Denaun stepped in the way and I shot him in his leg It's like bang, bang, bang nigger pop, pop, pop

Everybody bustin' rounds like they ra, ra, ra

But when you see me in the street, I be like Wassup now?

They bodyguard be steppin' in trying to calm shit down

(Chill out man, chill out) Fuck that I got a bone to pick, you said it

Then we said that wrestle like some grown man shit

Then we, then we could talk about our problems, couldn't we?

Just shoot a fair one and handled this situation seriously I guess not, you wanna resort to the heater

So I gotta grab my Mac and my Uzi and my Nina

Step between us and get shot but get separated with the squeeze

You ain't ready for war, Runyan ain't nothing to play with This motherfucker's poppin' that shit

Nah fuck that I'll be right back

(I'm goin' to get get my gun)

Nah motherfucker, fuck you  
You ain't disrespectin' me like that(I'm goin' to get get my gun)  
Walk to the room, sixteen shot clip  
Bitch how you like that?  
(I'm goin' to get get my gun)  
Bet you ain't know that I'm strapped  
Nice one, bitch this is my gat  
(I'm goin' to get get my gun)Walk to Rite-Aid for a can of spaghetti  
It's been one hour and bitch my photo's ain't ready  
Picture's of my dog and my family reunion  
It's been two hours and my fuckin' days ruinedHey, Kate, do you wanna get raped?  
Have my pictures on fucking Phillips 38  
That's why I don't be fucking battle rapping  
'Cause every time I lose, this is what the fuck happensBack to these pictures I was trying to get developed  
This man tried to get in front of me, I wouldn't let him  
I'm ready to blow this bitches brains out  
I'm nervous, I farted, some shit came outTimes up, shot her with a gun  
Got on my cell phone and called Rev. Run  
And all this crazy shit I, regret it  
All 'cause I wanted to see Elton John naked

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